

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

PRISONERS OF THE SUN

MAGNET



MAGNET

PRISONERS OF THE SUN

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At Police Headquarters in Callao, Peru...

Haddock, a retired ship's captain, and Tintin, the reporter? Oh, yes, Interpol warned me they'd be coming. Send them in.



As I understand it, this is the situation: your friend Professor Calculus has been kidnapped, and you have good reason to believe he's aboard the cargo ship "Pachacamac" - due to arrive in Callao any day now. Am I right?

Absolutely.



Well, gentlemen, as soon as the "Pachacamac" comes into port we will search the ship. If your friend really is aboard, then he will be restored to you immediately. Now, we can only...



Look down there: an Indian running away!... Someone was spying on us!



Surely you're mistaken...

No, no, I saw him quite clearly: an Indian, peering through the railings. He disappeared behind those bushes.



Bah! What does it matter? There was nothing confidential in what we said.



Why not forget the whole incident... and allow me to offer you a glass of pisco? It's our national drink. Come, here's to the safe return of your friend Calculus.



A few minutes later...



Our lucky day! Just think, we're going to see old Cuthbert again!... This is the happiest day of my life!... Hurrah for pisco! It's all right!... Everything's going to be all right!



Perk up, don't look so gloomy. We'll soon see Cuthbert again. Things are looking up!

Yes, things are looking up... But you know, it doesn't alter the fact that we're being watched.



Pooh, that doesn't matter! Enjoy yourself. Look around you: the Indians, the clothes, the colours, the llamas.



Kikikikikiki!... There's a nice little llama...



You be careful, señor...

Be careful?... Why?... I'm not going to eat your precious llama, am I?...!



You're a nice little llama, aren't you?... You don't mind old Captain Haddock, do you?



When llama is angry, señor, he always do that.

And what manners!



Ungrateful brute! Animals like that shouldn't be allowed!





Perk up, Captain, don't look so gloomy. Remember, you said it yourself just now: things are looking up, we're going to see old Cuthbert again.



Hotel Cristobal Colon. Bueno...



The next morning...

RRRING



Hello... yes, Tintin speaking... Good morning, señor Chief Inspector... What?... The "Pachacamac" is in sight?... Fine! ... Quay No. 24... We'll be there right away.



A few minutes later...

There's the Chief Inspector with his men, down on the quayside...



But... I must be seeing things... Look!

Thomson and Thompson! What are those nitwits doing here?



You asked about your friends... well, here they come.



What a coincidence!

Not at all. These gentlemen were sent out by the C.I.D. to help in the search for your friend.



Now for the "Pachacamac". Where is she?

Out there, to the left of that little tug with the red funnel!

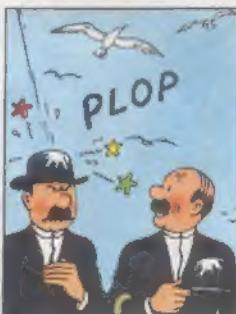


Ah, now I've got it... There she is... it's her all right... "Pachacamac"... let's hope old Calculus is on board!



Thundering typhoons!

?





Billions of blue bubonic barnacles! She'll be quarantined!



Are they celebrating the captain's birthday?

Putting a ship in quarantine, you landlubber, means keeping her in isolation for some time, to avoid risk of infection.



There's the launch coming back...



Well, doctor?

Two cases of yellow fever on board. I've ordered three weeks' quarantine.



You heard?... I'm terribly sorry about that... You'll just have to be patient.



Yes... obviously. Tell me, isn't that doctor an Indian?

A Quichua, as a matter of fact. Why?

Oh, no reason. I just wondered.



A little later...

Thundering typhoons! Three weeks... three weeks without knowing whether Calculus is even aboard that blistering bathtub!



There's no question of waiting three weeks... We're going to find out tonight!

What do you mean, tonight?



Tonight! I shall go aboard the "Pachacamac".

Tonight?... You?... What about the yellow fever, stupid?... Have you forgotten?



Captain, I'll bet anything you like that every man aboard the "Pachacamac" is as fit as you and me.



But thundering typhoons, the doctor definitely said...

The doctor is an Indian, Captain... a Quichua Indian... Doesn't that mean anything to you?...



Night has fallen...



Stop! We won't go any further...
We might be seen.

Right... You're quite sure?
I told you, there are
sharks around here...



Nuts to the sharks! Anyway,
they should be fast asleep at
this hour, like everyone else!

Just as you
like...



There... You know the drill, don't you:
if I'm not back in a couple of hours,
inform the police... Goodbye, Captain.
And you be a good boy, Snowy.

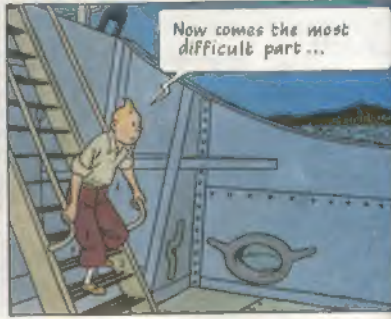
Good luck,
Tintin.



Thundering typhoons!...
There's no stopping him!

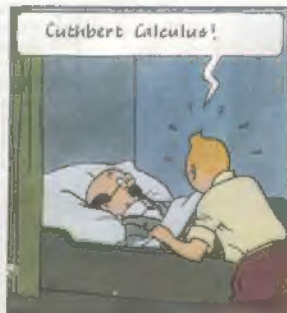


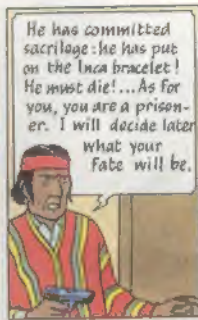
Now comes the most
difficult part...



¿Qué pasa,
ahí abajo?...
!








Thundering typhoons!...Those guano-gatherers are murdering Tintin!

Iconoclasts!...Pirates!...
Just a few more strokes ...



...and someone's going to get it in the neck!



Wooh!
Wooh!

Blistering barnacles!

Wooh!
Wooh!

Blistering barnacles!

Wooh! Wooh!

And you shut up, you sea-lion, you!

Wooh! Wooh!

And you shut up, you sea-lion, you!

Quick, climb aboard...
Not hurt, are you?

No, not a scratch...
But let's get out
of here, fast!

Quick, climb aboard...
Not hurt, are you?

No, not a scratch...
But let's get out
of here, fast!

Calculus is on board, Captain. I saw him. They're going to put him to death. They say he committed sacrilege by wearing an Inca bracelet.



Back to the shore!
We must
get rein-
forcements!

You dash back to the town and alert the police. I'll stay here and keep watch.

No sleep for us tonight, Snowy.

I might've guessed!

No sleep for us tonight, Snowy.

I might've guessed!

All quiet. But after what's happened they're bound to make a move ... Yes, they're launching a boat. I hope the Captain gets help quickly...

Hello... Yes... Police Headquarters ... What?... You want to talk to the señor Chief Inspector?... At this hour? Have you gone crazy?... The señor Chief Inspector is asleep!



Thundering typhoons,
I know that! If he
wasn't asleep you
wouldn't have to wake
him up! ... Tell him
it's very, very urgent!

You're breaking my heart! ... Look, it may be urgent, but nobody wakes the senior Chief Inspector at four a.m.!

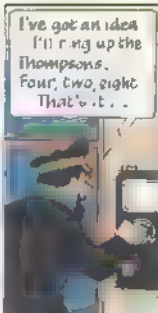
But you must wake him, I tell you, it's ... Hello... Hello... Hello... The blistering blundering bird-brain, he's hung up!

Meanwhile

The boat's getting nearer. Comicon, Snowy but don't show yourself! We're going to take a closer look at them!



I've got an idea
I'll ring up the
Thompsons.
Four, two, eight
That's it...

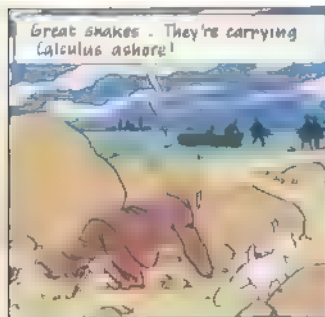


That sounds like
the telephone.

To be precise:
the telephone.



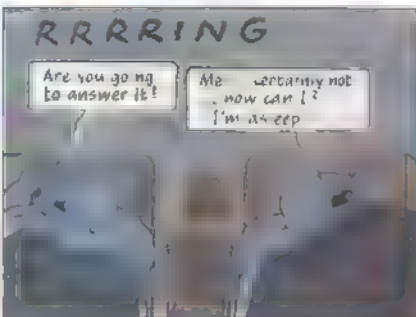
Great snakes! They're carrying
Calculus ashore!



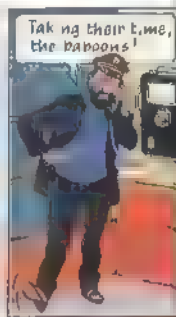
RRRRING

Are you going
to answer it?

Me... certainly not
now can I?
I'm asleep



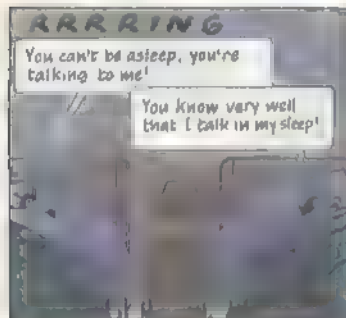
Taking their time,
the balloons!



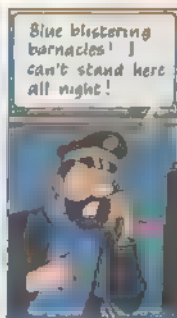
RRRRING

You can't be asleep, you're
talking to me!

You know very well
that I talk in my sleep!



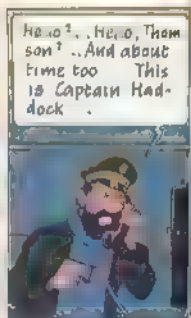
Blue blistering
barnacles! I
can't stand here
all night!



Very well, I'll go
but next time, it's
your turn!



Hello?.. Hello, Thom
son?.. And about
time too. This
is Captain Had-
dock



What?.. Who? Oh, yes
Captain Haddock. I.
What?.. Calculus?
Where?.. Yes. Right
We'll come at once



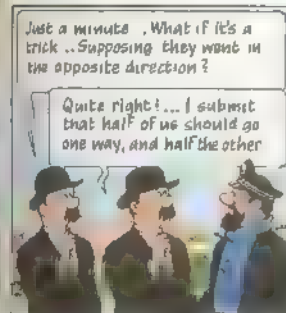
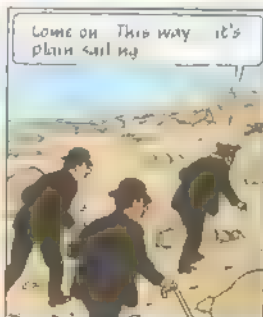
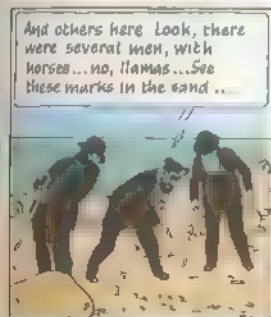
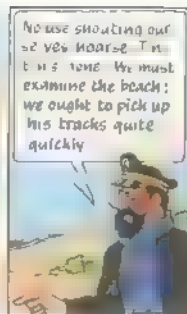
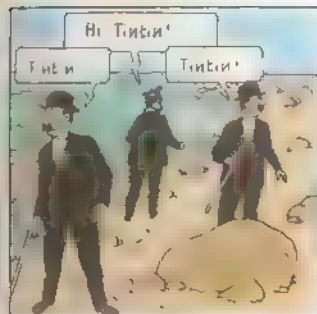
Half an hour later

Nearly two hours since I left
him. I hope he's all right



There's our boat... I left Tintin
here... But where is he?





Many hours later

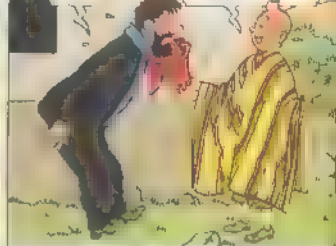


Here, boy Have you met anyone along this road - a young European, with a white dog?



?

Yes and we've met him before!



Tintin!... You young rascal, you had me properly fooled!... Honestly, I'd never have recognised you. But why the...?

Come along... I'll explain



Shortly after you left they brought Calculus ashore. They had accomplices waiting on the beach. They offered Calculus on to a llama and led him away followed at a distance making sure they didn't spot me



We came to Santa Clara a small town. I hastily bought this cap and poncho in the market so was able to get close to them at the station and see them buy tickets to Jaucha

What did they do with Calculus?



Obviously they'd drugged him. He followed them like a sleep-walker. Then the train left - without me, alas: I hadn't enough money for a ticket. After that I retraced my steps, hoping to find you...



Thundering typhoons! The gangsters' going off with Calculus! But we'll catch the next train

Of course! But unfortunately the train only runs every other day.



But why are you by yourself? Where are the police? Didn't you telephone them?

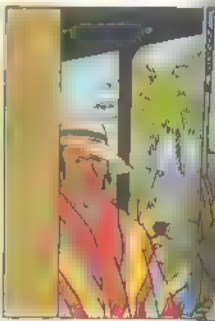
Still in bed.. And the Thompsons are hot on your trail, somewhere

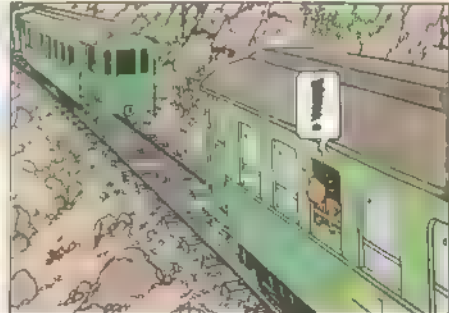
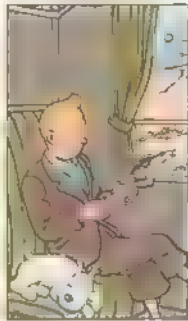
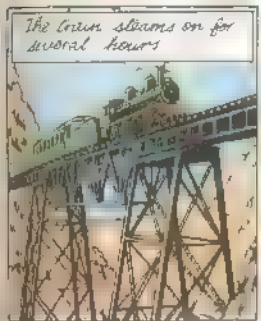
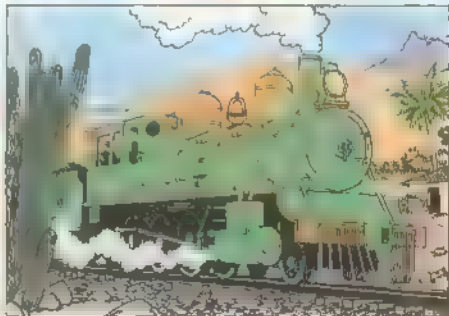
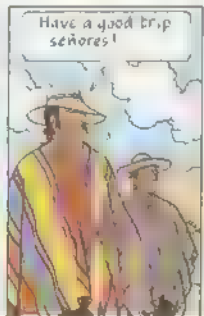
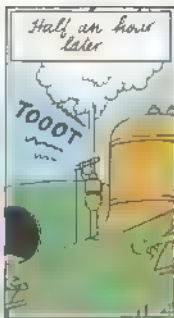
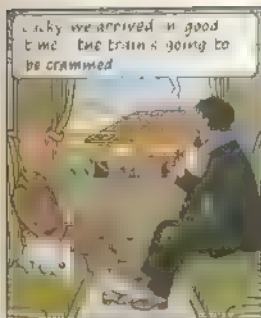


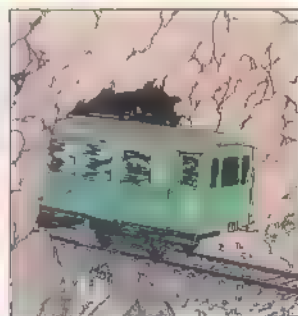
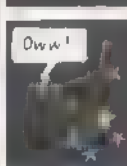
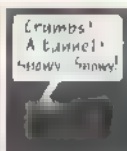
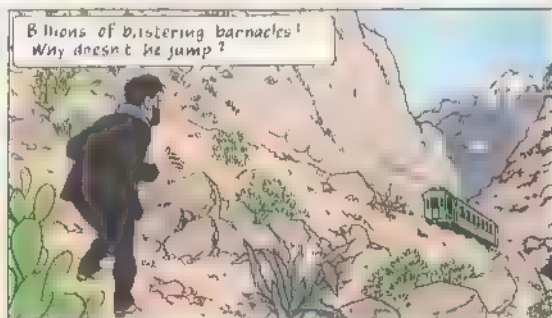
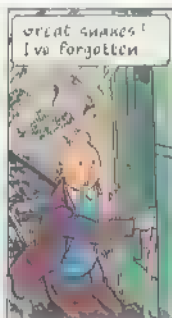
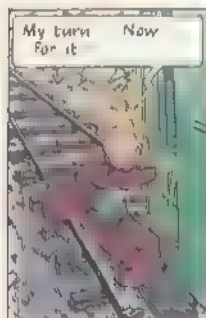
Two days later

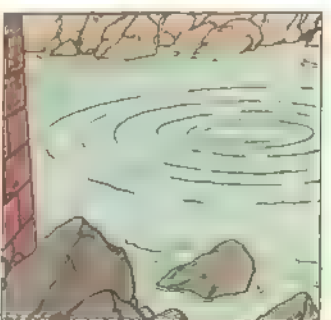
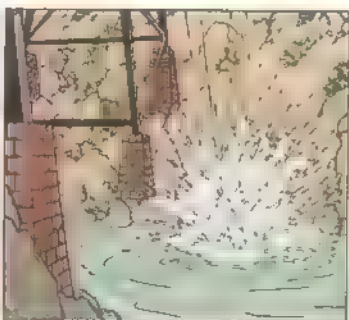
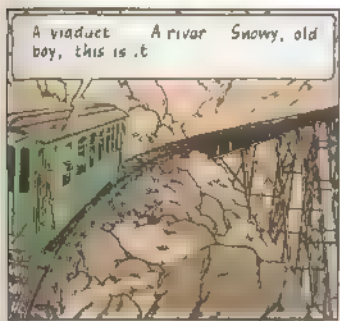
Our seats are in the last coach, aren't they?

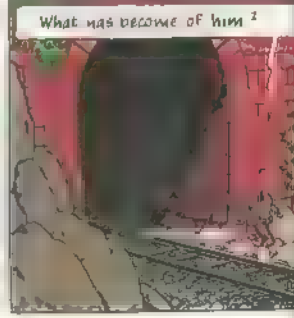
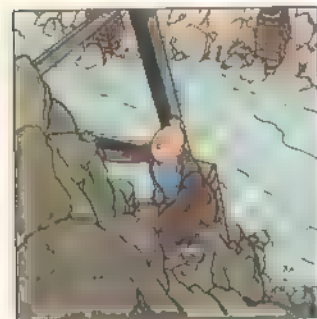
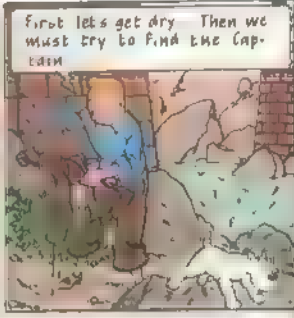
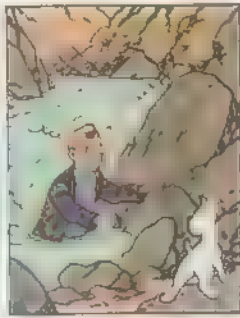
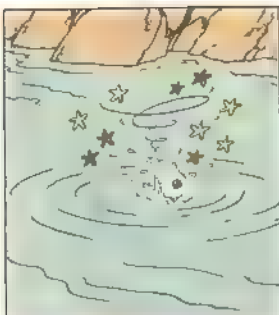
Si señor

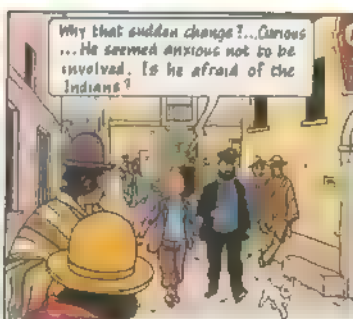
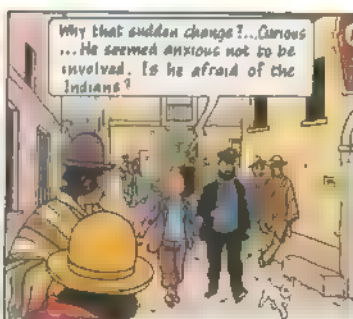
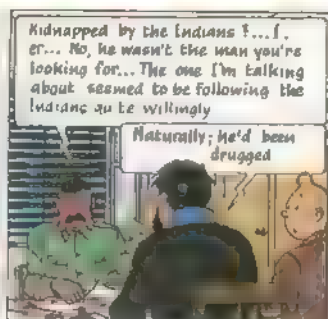
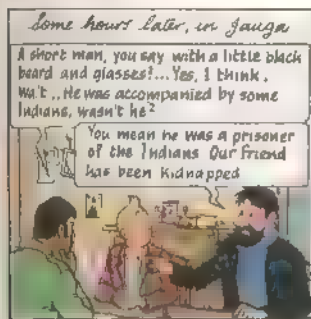
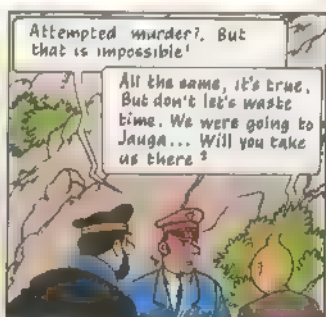
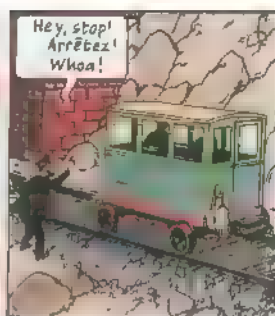
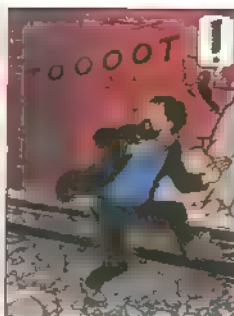


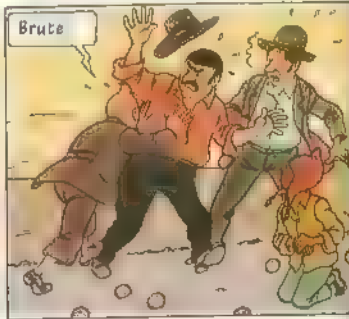


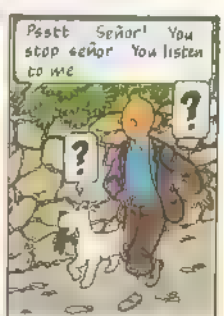
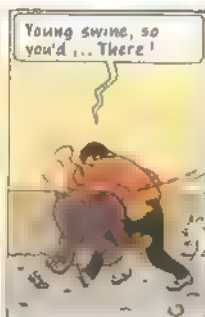


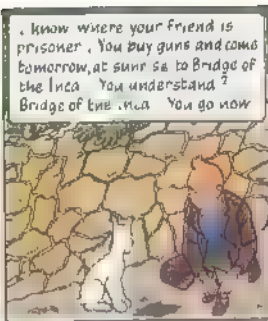


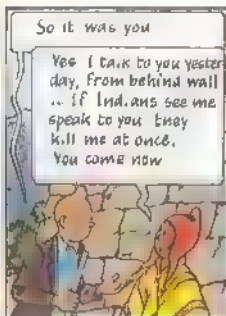


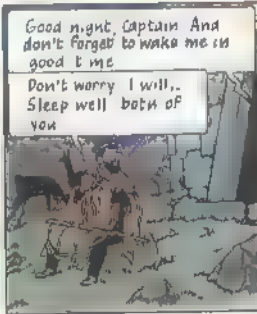
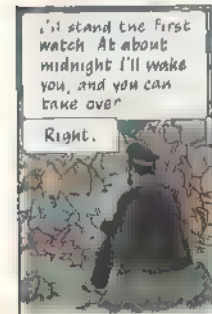
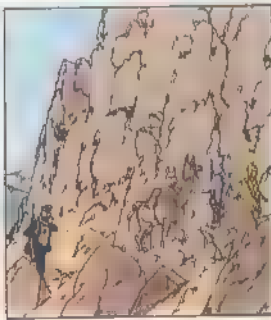
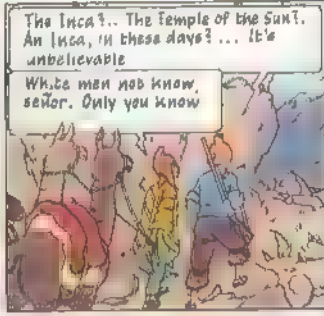
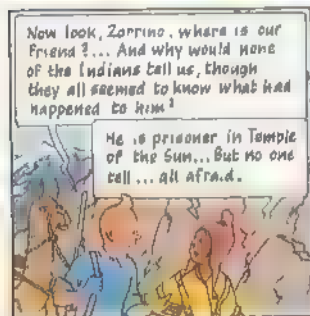


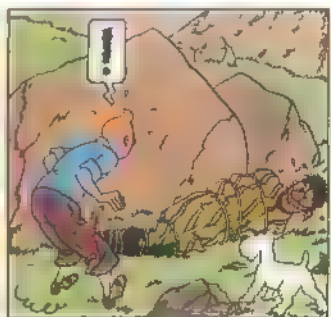
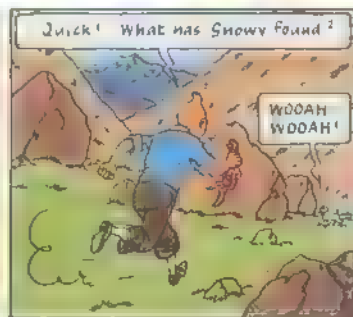
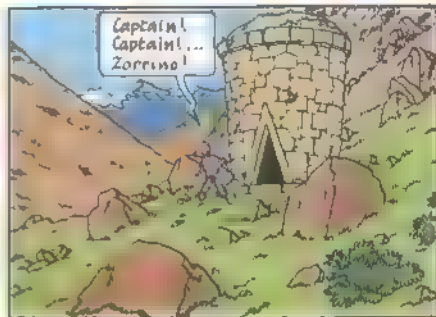
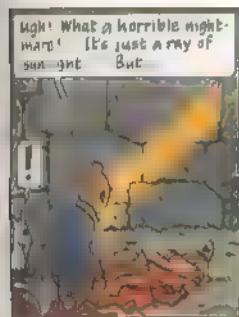


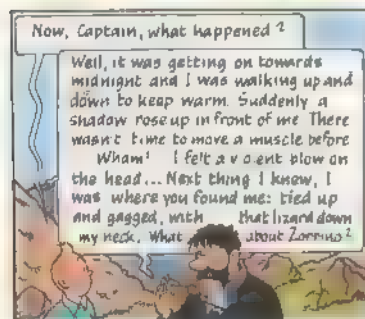
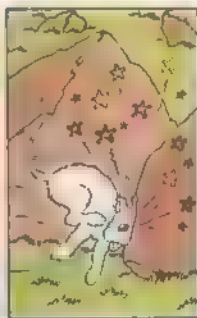
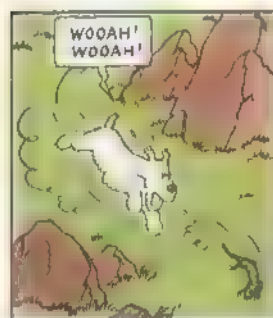
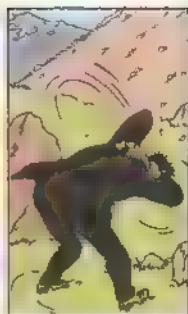
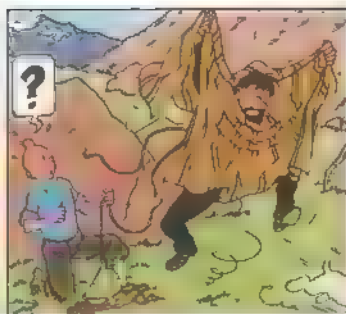


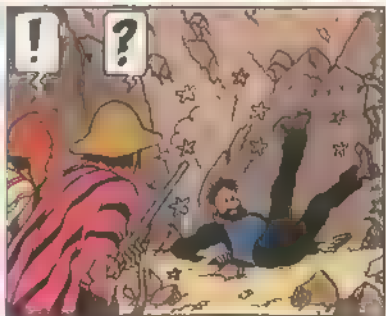
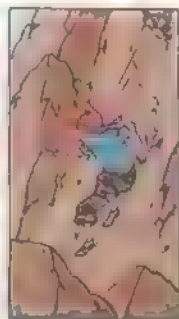
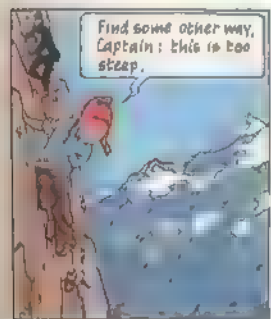
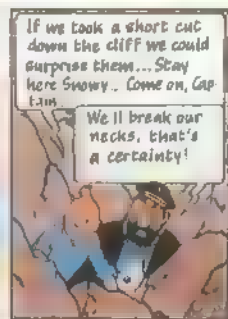
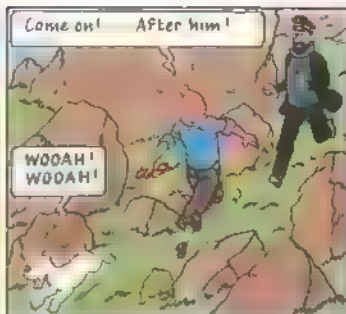
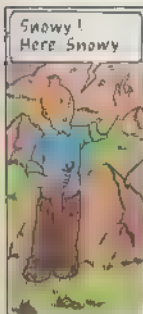


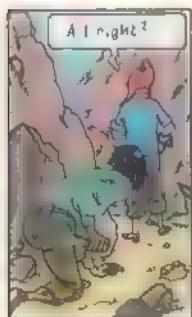
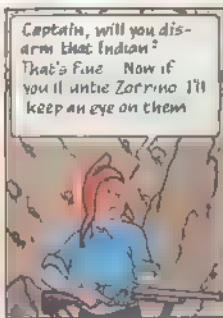
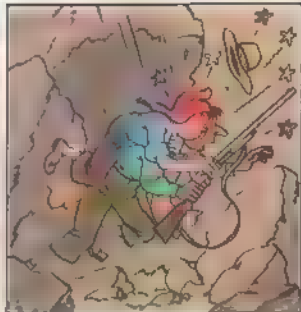


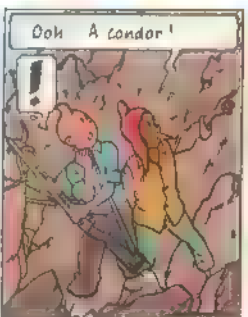
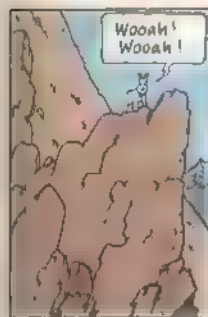
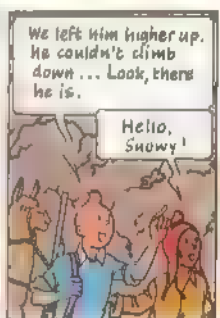
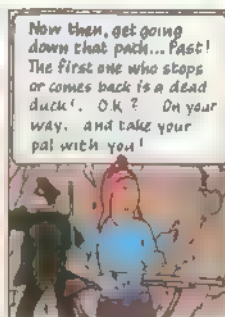


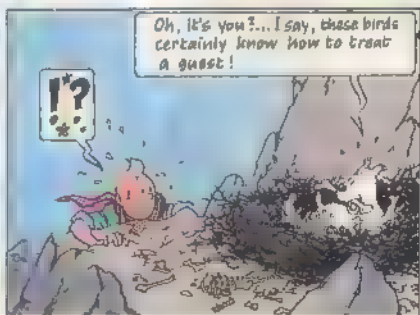
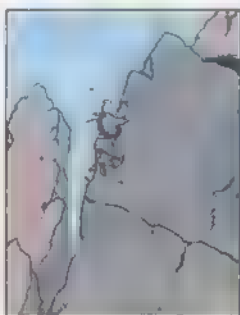
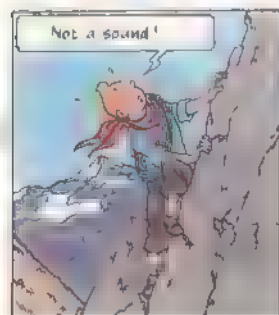
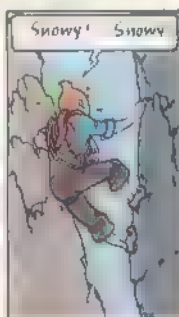
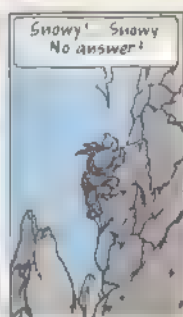
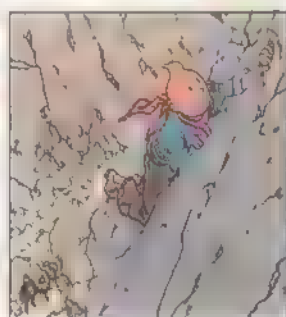
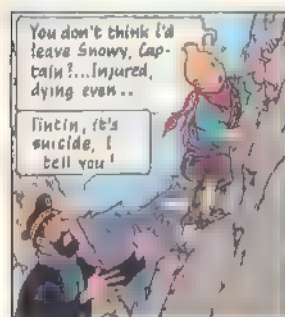
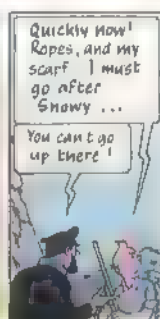
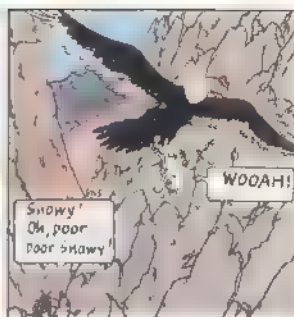


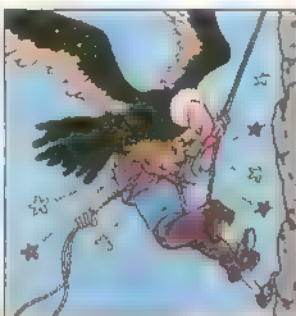
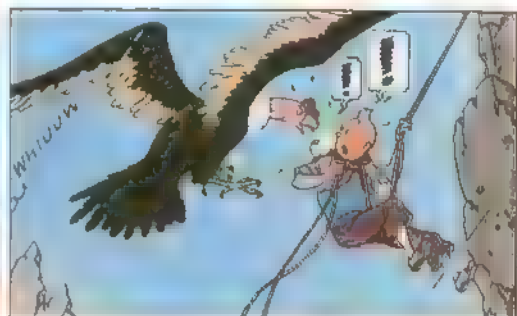
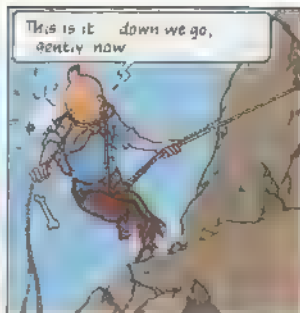


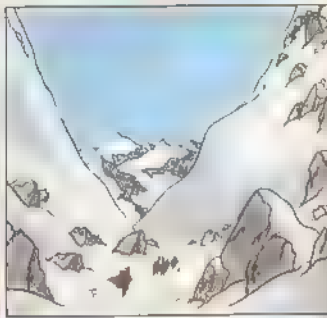
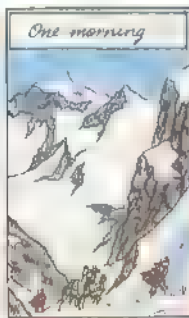
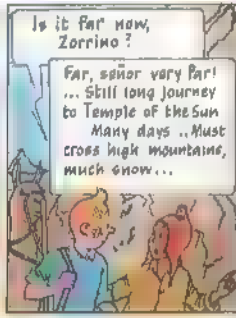
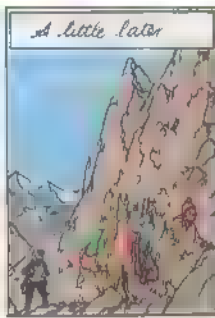
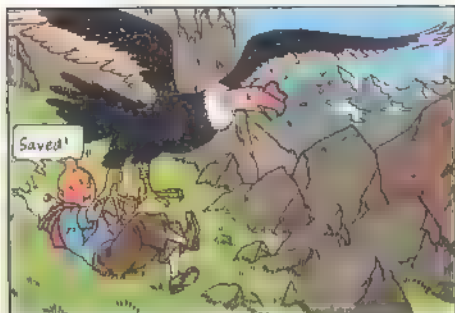


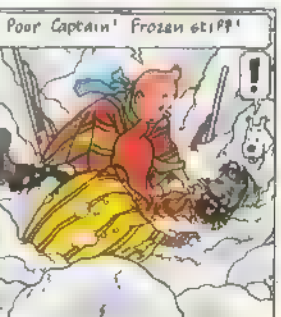
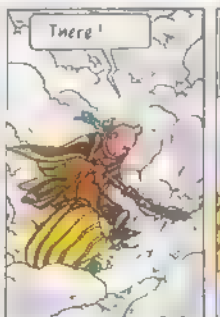
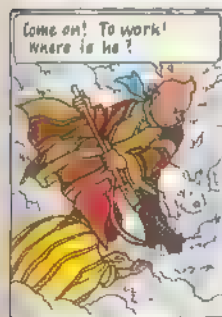
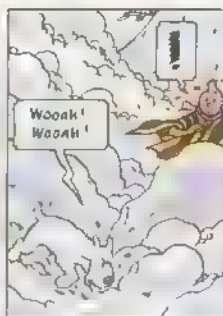
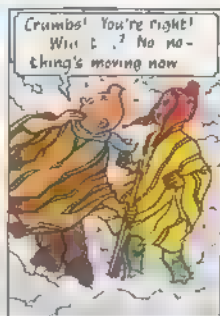
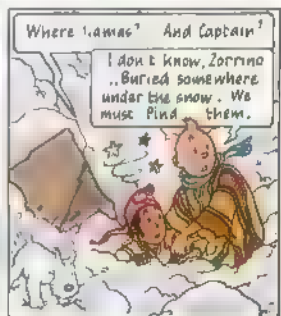
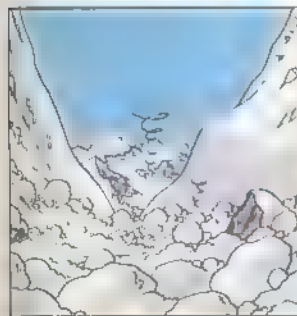
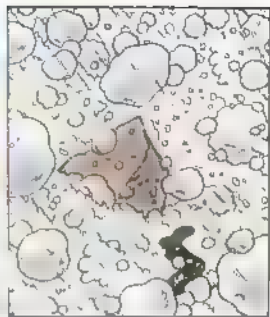
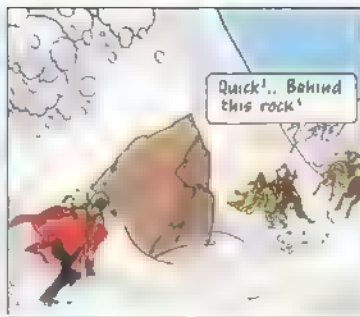
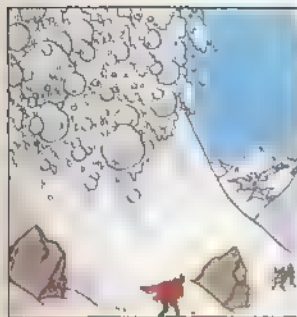




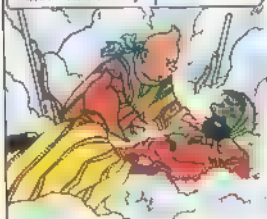




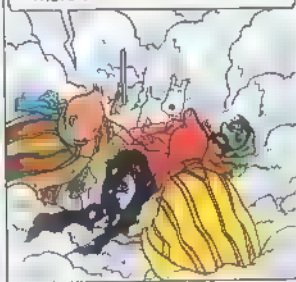




We ought to rub him briskly with alcohol! If we had some!... Ah, I'll bet he has a flask in his hip-pocket



There... I knew it!



Let's see now..



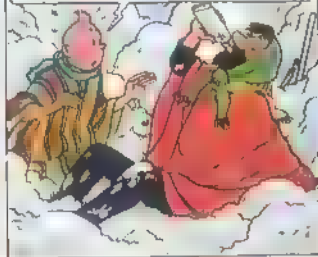
Whisky... Fine!



!!!



Wait, Captain, not so fast!... Don't drink it all!



See, señoras... Llamas not dead!



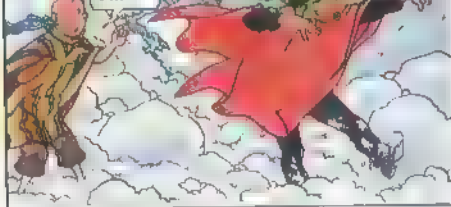
Good! 'Hic Fine! I'll P-F fetch them

No, no, Captain! I'll go!

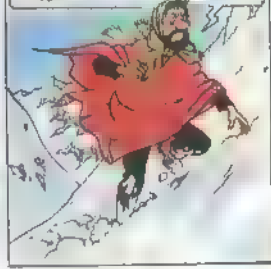


Y-you shut up, or I'll s-s-squeeze the mountain down! I...I... (s-s-started...hic...all this...hic... s-s... so I'll P-F finish it!

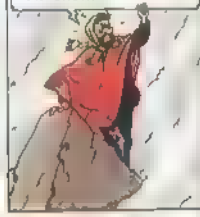
But



C-come here you raggle-taggle ruminants! H-here!



Y-you cushion-footed quadrupeds!...They run off as soon as I get near!... But I'll fix them!



C-come here you morons, and jump to it!

As if he hasn't done enough damage already.

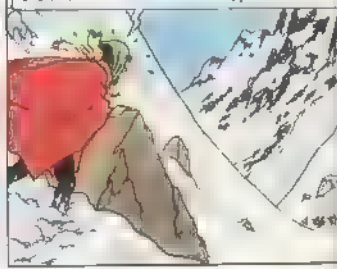


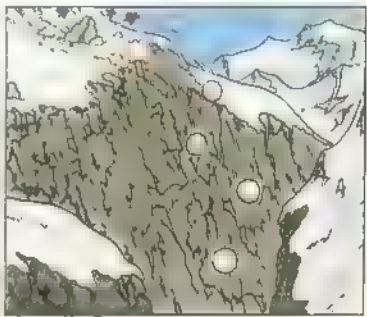
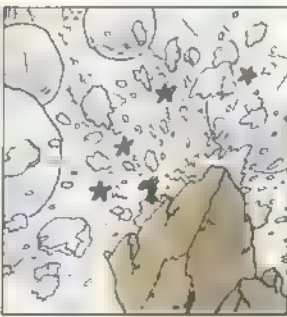
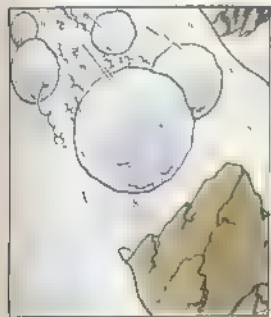
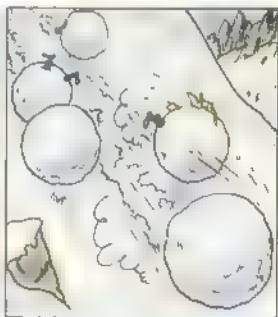
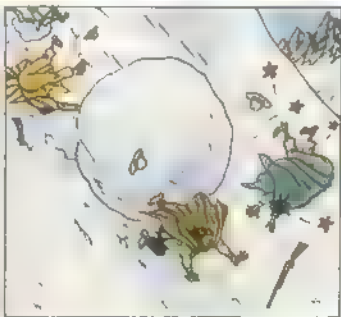
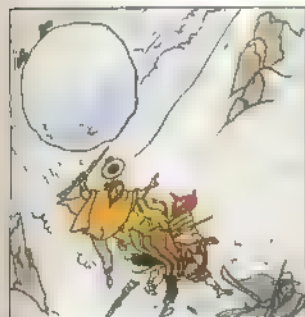
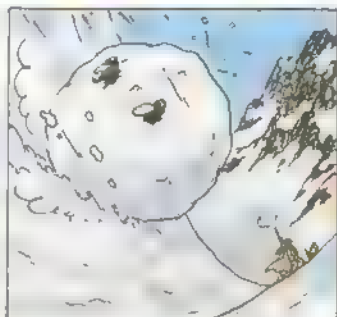
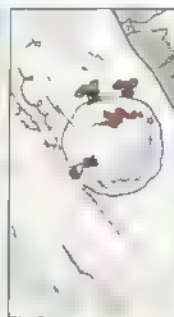
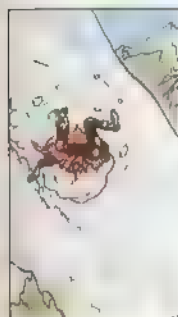
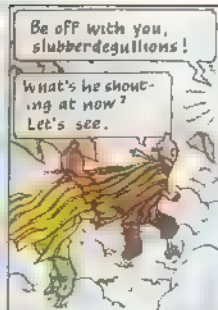
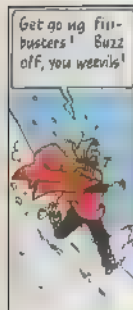
Look, there!...They must have been caught in an avalanche, only two of them left.

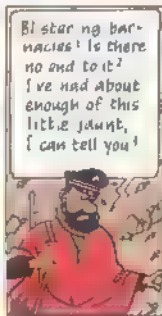
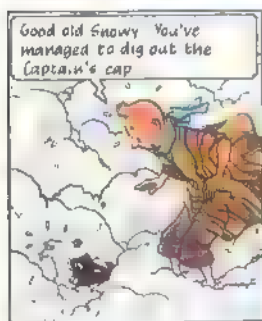
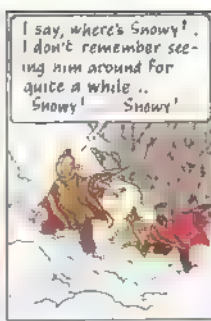
All the better: easier for us to deal with them! Come on!

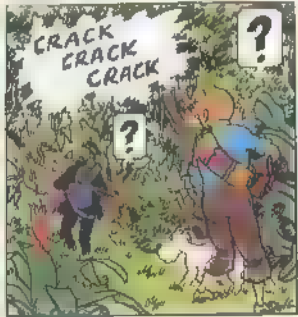
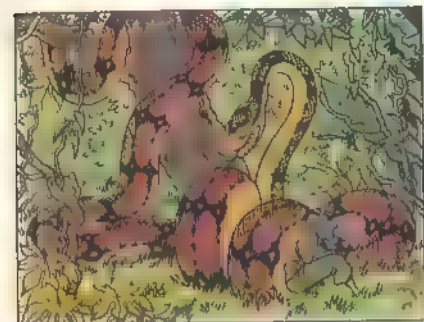
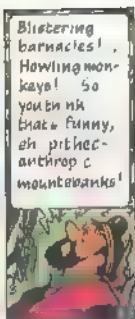


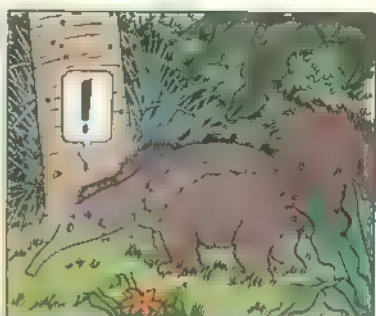
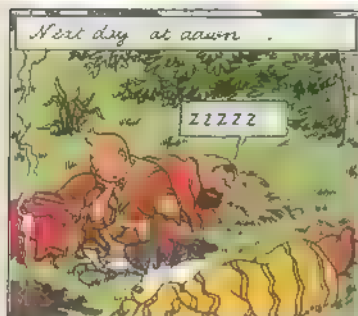
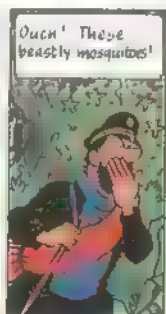
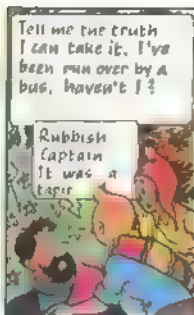
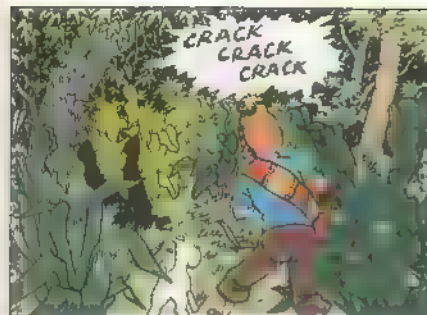
I must be s-s-seeing things...d-down there!...The Indians who kidnapped Zorrino!

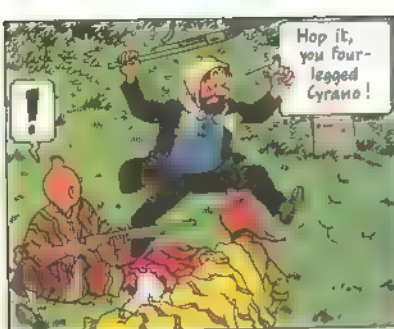












It's all right! It was only Zorrino breaking a dead branch

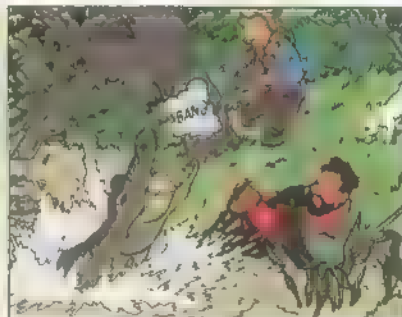
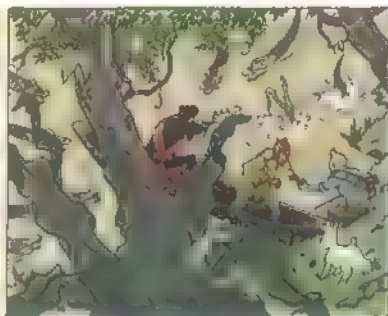
You come, señores! Find canoe



See



Watch out, shipmates, this is going to be hot! Here they come! They've spotted us!



'Pathetic brutes' let me polish them off!

No, no! It's a waste of my gun! Lion



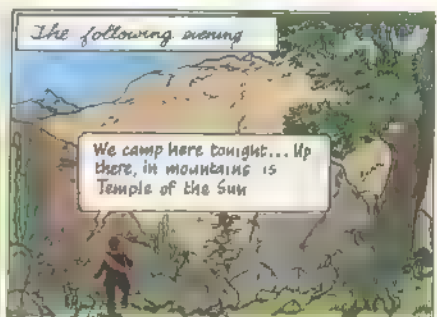
This beast y steaming jungle! ... Will it never end?

Tomorrow we leave Forest Señor Captain



The following evening

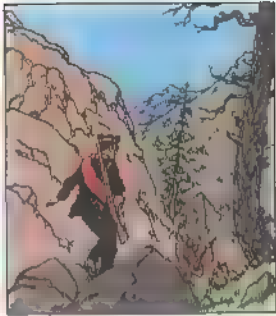
We camp here tonight... Up there, in mountains is Temple of the Sun



Next morning . .

Off we go! ... I say where did you find that rope?

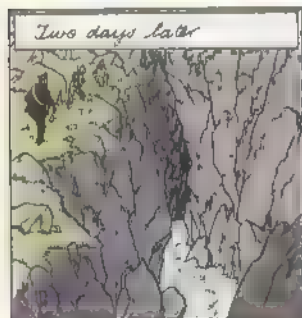
For certain we need ropes .
I make them from
jungle creepers.



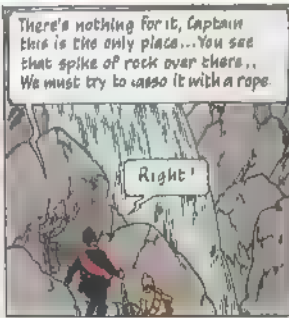
What a torrent! We can't cross here - we have to try further up. The Temple of the Sun certainly has good defences!



Two days later



There's nothing for it, Captain this is the only place... You see that spike of rock over there... We must try to lasso it with a rope



Right!

Here goes!



OK I've fastened this end to a tree. Now, who's first?



Hooray! Got it!

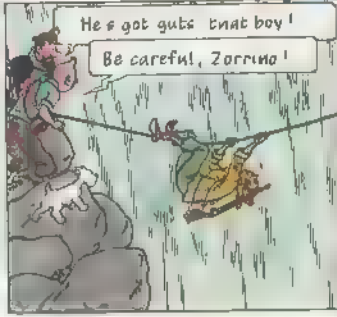


Zorrino, with señor Tintin's gun, to test rope!



He's got guts that boy!

Be careful, Zorrino!



Fine . my turn next

Is OK!

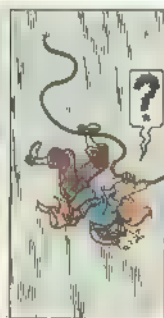
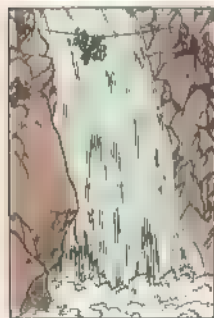


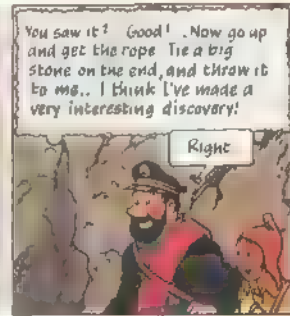
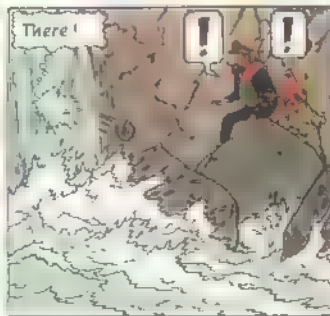
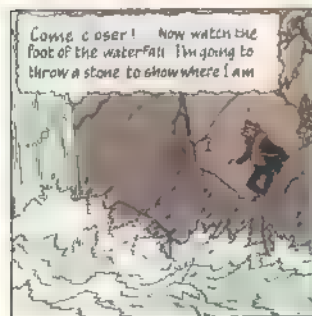
Thundering typhoons! You need a cool head for this!

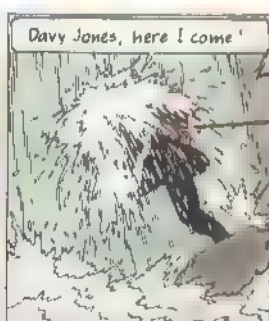
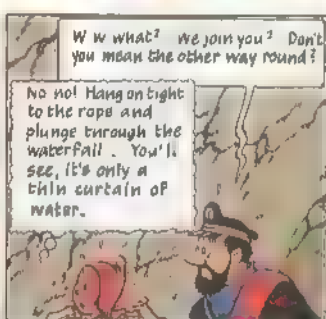
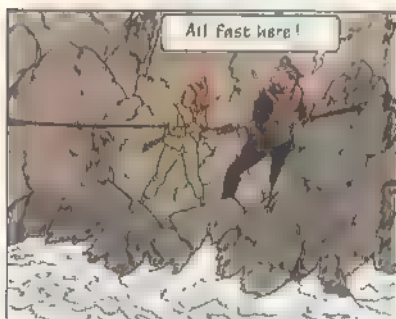


Blue blistering barnacles!









Al together again, Zorrino!

Timin: Oh Timin!
Zorrino was so afraid
You not hurt?

No not a scratch — I fell into the water and was sucked under. Then I don't know what happened. I was whirled around and when I came to the surface I found myself in here.

It seems incredible but I think I've stumbled on an entrance to the Temple of the Sun — so ancient that even the Incas themselves have probably forgotten all about it. Anyway we'll soon see.

Blistering barnacles! It'll be as dark as the belly of a whale in there!

I thought so too. But I had a look. The rock is covered with some sort of phosphorescence which gives a little light. Shall we go?

No noise now! Careful... I've got a hunch we're nearly at the end of our journey.

Calculus, here we come!

Where's this leading us?

If we keep going we'll soon see.

Now we're in trouble. The passage is blocked. There's no way of getting through.

The roof fall was probably caused by an earthquake. They're pretty frequent in South America. Anyway we're stuck now — unless...

Wooah!
Wooah!

I've found the emergency exit!

Snowy seems to be on to something. It looks as though there's a way through there. Hold these, Zorrino. I'm going to try.

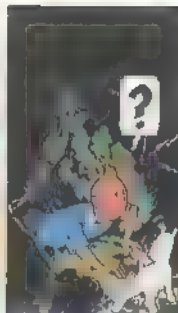
Any good?

I hope so.



OK?

So far so good

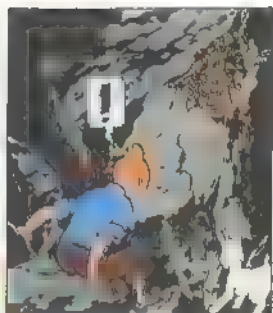


?

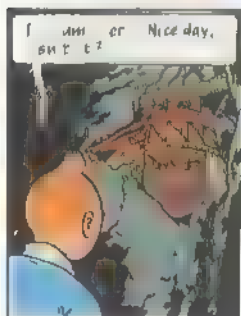


I've just emerged in a sort of grotto... I'll see if there's any way of. OH!

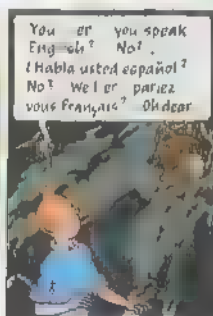
Heavens! What's up?



!



I am or Nice day, isn't it?



You or you speak English? No! ¡Hable usted español? No? Well or parlez vous Français? Oh dear



Great shakes! What a fool. I've been of course you don't speak.



?



Crumbs! Look what's tumbled down. . The contents of a tomb!



My guess about an earthquake was right. Let's see what's beyond...



?

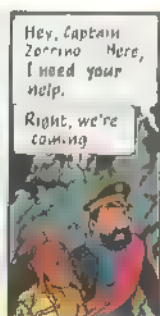


Inca mummies! We certainly are in a tomb!



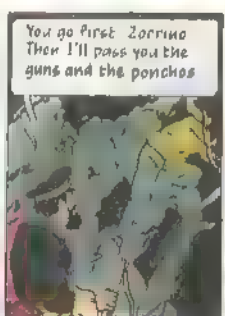
It might be possible to push this slab over. But I can't do it alone. I'll call the others

This chap looks pretty poor

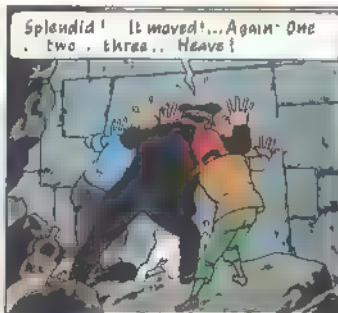
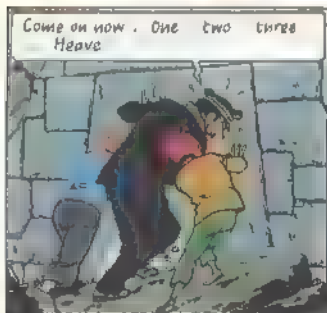
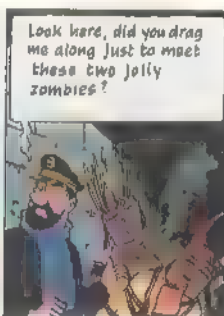


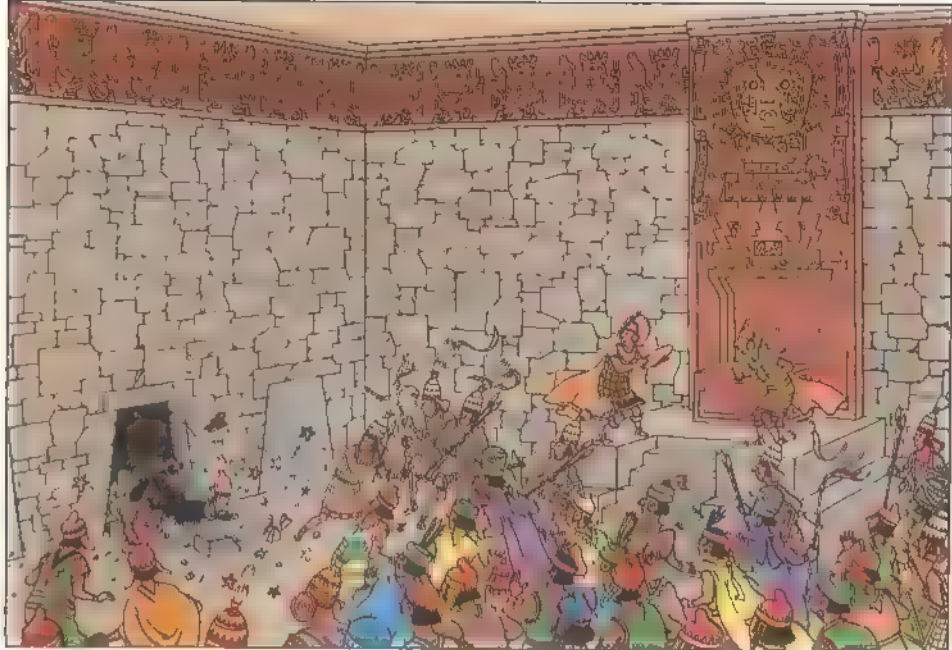
Hey, Captain Zorrino. Here, I need your help.

Right, we're coming



You go first Zorrino. Then I'll pass you the guns and the ponchos

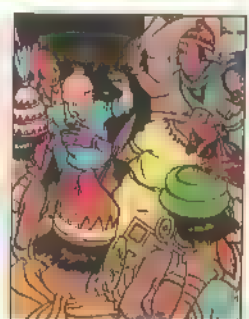




Sacrilege! ... Seize them



Stand back anachronisms! ... Keep off you imitation Incas, you!



Tramp! ... Zapotzas! ... Pockmarks! ... Pithecanthropuses! ... Bashibazouks! ... Let me go, you savages!



Good! Now, hold them prisoner until we bring them before the Inca!



Sea-gnerkins!... Ectoplasms! ,
Poltrous!... Politicians!.. Dory-
phores . Terrorists!

Don't cry, Zorrino... We'll
get out of this, you'll see...

Get out? Easier said than
done Poor Zorrino!

Hello what's this at
the bottom of my
pocket?

Ah, yes, the little
coin that Indian
gave me in Janga
.. I'd forgotten all
about it

' You still go, then
take this Very good,
help you in danger!'

I wonder... per-
haps it's some
sort of talisman
which protects
whoever posses-
es it.. In that
case it might
save the life of
one of us ..

..ook, Zorr no here's some-
thing for you. Take good
care of it it might be
very useful

You come
wa ts

The Inca

Ono! He waits,
does he?... Well,
I've got a thing or
two to say to his
ordship!

Keep calm, Captain! Keep calm, I
implore you ...

Great snakes!
The Inca!

Look at that
Indian on the left
... It's Chiquito,
General Alcazar's
music-hall partner
...The man I saw on
the Pachacamac."

Strangers, it is our
command that you re-
veal by what trickery
you have entered the
Temple of the Sun.

I...er... Noble
Prince of the
Sun we found
the entrance
quite by chance
when I was swept
into a waterfall!

Be that as it may, our laws
decree but one penalty.
Those who violate the
sacred temple where we pre-
serve the ancient rites of the
Sun God shall be put to death!

Be put to death! D'you really think we'll let ourselves be massacred just like that, you bin-hatted tyrant?!

Captain, please! Keep quiet!

Noble Prince of the Sun, I crave your indulgence. Let me tell you our story. We have never sought to commit sacrilege. We were simply looking for our Friend. Professor Calculus...

Your friend dared to wear the sacred bracelet of Rascar Capac. Your friend will likewise be put to death!

Blistering barnacles, you've no right to kill him! No more than you have a right to kill us, thundering typhoons! It's murder pure and simple!

But it is not we who will put you to death. It is the Sun himself. For his rays will set alight the pyre for which you are destined.

As for this young Indian who guided these strangers and thus betrayed his race, he will suffer the penalty reserved for traitors. He will be sacrificed immediately on the altar of the Sun God!

Billions of blue blistering barnacles! The first one who touches a hair of that boy's head is a dead duck!

Great shakes! I just remembered! Your medal! Zorro! ... know them!

Where'd you steal that little viper?

I not steal, noble Prince of the Sun, I not steal! .. He give me this medal. I not steal!

And you, Foreign dog where'd you get it? Like others of your kind, you robbed the tombs of our ancestors no doubt!

Noble Prince of the Sun, I beg leave to speak

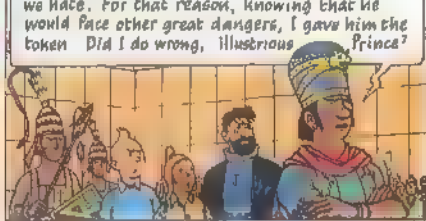
It is I, noble Prince of the Sun, who gave the sacred token to this young stranger.



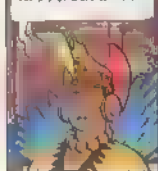
You, Hunsar? A high priest of the Sun God, you committed sacrilege and gave this talisman to an enemy of our race?



He is not an enemy of our race, noble Prince of the Sun. With my own eyes I saw him go alone to the defence of this boy. When the child was being ill-treated by two of those vile foreigners whom we hate. For that reason, knowing that he would face other great dangers, I gave him the token. Did I do wrong, illustrious Prince?



No Hunsar you did nobly. But your action will save only this young Indian, for his life is protected by the talisman.



It will not save the young stranger, by his generosity he forfeited his only safeguard. Our laws are explicit: he will be put to death with his companion.



Nevertheless, I will grant them one favour.

I knew it: his bark is worse than his bite!



It is this: Within the next thirty days they must die. But they may choose the day and the hour when the rays of the sacred Sun will light their pyre.



They must give their answer tomorrow. As for this young Indian, he will be separated from his companions and his life will be spared. But he will stay within our temple until he dies, lest our secrets be divulged.



Now, let the strangers be taken away and kept in close confinement until tomorrow. The Prince of the Sun has spoken!



Well, we're in up to our necks, this time!

I know. But I'm glad Zorr is safe, anyway.



Bunch of savages! What I need is a pipe to calm my nerves... Where is it?... Ah, got it... Hello, what's this?



Oh yes, I remember... the newspaper we saved to light a fire.



Well, we shan't be needing that now... There'll be a fire all right...



But, thundering typhoons, we shan't be lighting it!

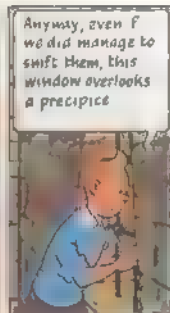


How do we get out of here?





These bars perhaps?
No, they're firmly fixed



Anyway, even if
we did manage to
swift them, this
window overlooks
a precipice



8! sterling barnacles! I've
lost my matches!



Give me your pipe, Captain.
I've got a little magnify-
ing-glass.

A magnifying-
glass²



Why, it's a light!

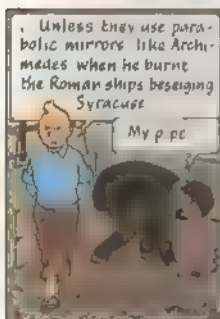
Yes look, that's
done it



Easy as winking!
It's amazing!...
Marvellous!



Marvellous, yes. And that's precisely how
the Incas will light up their bonfire
when they get about roasting us.

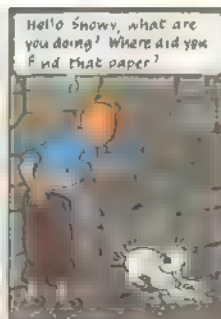


Unless they use para-
bolic mirrors like Archi-
medes when he burnt
the Roman ships besieging
Syracuse

My pipe



My pipe! My
poor pipe!
Busting bar-
nacles! It's
broken



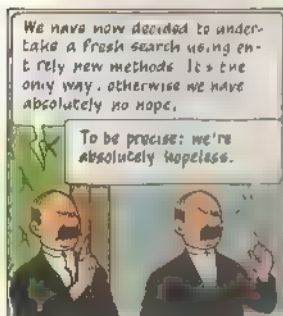
Hello Showy, what are
you doing? Where did you
find that paper?



Meanwhile, in Europe

We've searched South America from top
to bottom, sir, without result. We
lost all trace of Tintin, the Captain
and the Professor.

To be precise: we
got lost.



We have now decided to under-
take a fresh search using en-
tirely new methods. It's true
only way, otherwise we have
absolutely no hope.

To be precise: we're
absolutely hopeless.

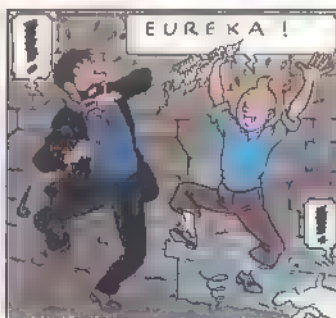
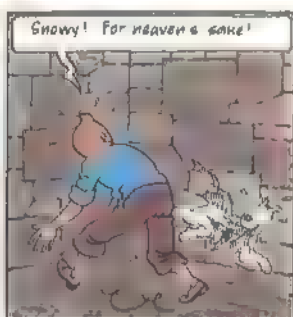
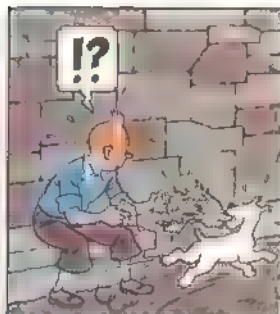


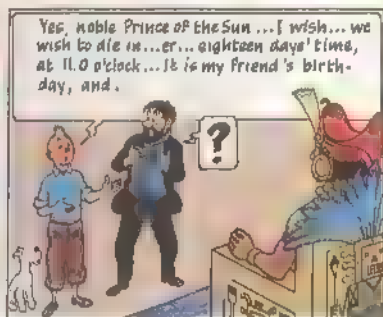
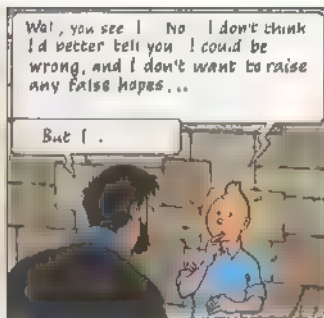
I see. And what are your
new methods?

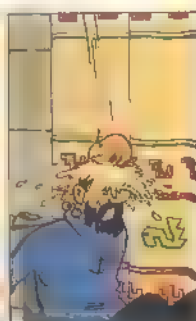
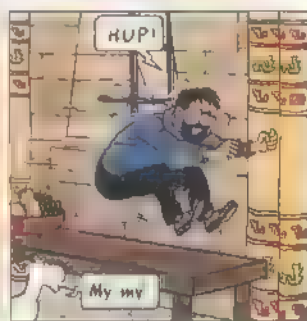
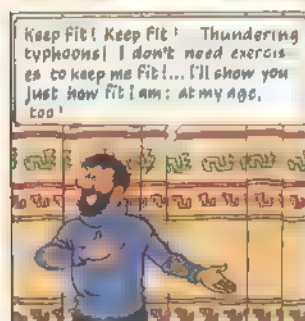
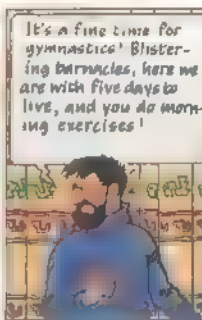
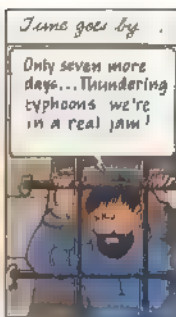
You must allow us to pre-
serve absolute secrecy sir
"Dumb's the word" that's
our motto



Dowsing my dear Thompson, like
Professor Calculus, that'll put us
on their track







Only four days left.

No one's going to say that I allowed myself to be roasted like a turkey on a spit!... We must do something!

You know quite well that's impossible



Only three days

What can we do, thundering typhoons!?

Round and round he's making me giddy!



Only two days to go...

How can you lie there, just lounging around! ... Billions of blistering barnacles! We must do something!

Trust me, Captain. In two days' time we'll be free



One day left

It's all over! Nothing to hope for! I never knew things could look so black!



At that moment

According to the pendulum they're very low



Next morning

Only a few hours to live, and all you can do is read that bit of newspaper for the hundredth time



"The Swiss expedition is on its way to the Western Cordillera in the Andes. It will... The rest is torn away"



Blistering barnacles! If it weren't for these compounded bars I'd soon be out of here!



BANG BOOM



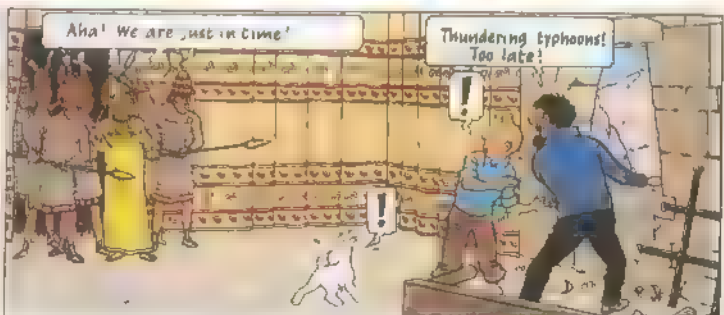
We're free! Tintin, we're free! Come on quickly, hurry! Out

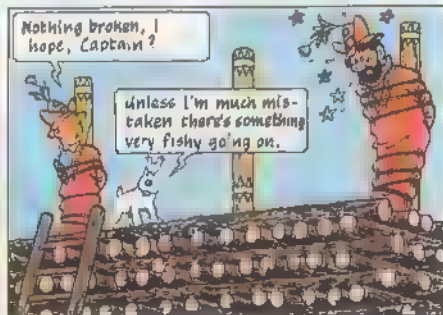
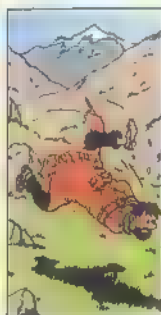
Don't do it, Captain! You'll break your neck!

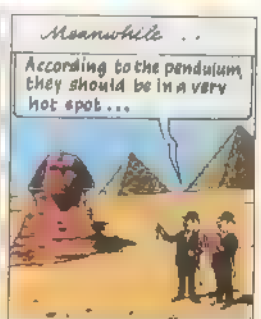
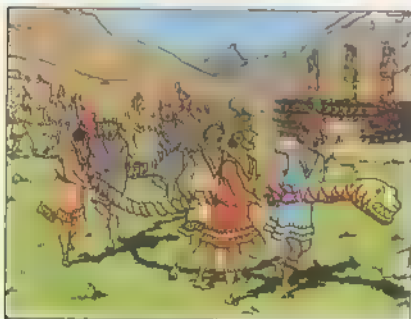
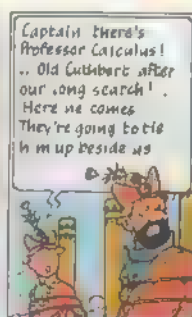


Aha! We are just in time!

Thundering typhoons! Too late!







Let the sacrifice begin!
Let the High Priest
of the Sun advance
to the pyre!



What's that thing he's got
there?

That's the burning glass
to set our bonfire
alight



Let me go! You mustn't
kill them!



O Pachacamac, blessed lord of
the day, maker of earth, god of
life, strike now with thing
avenging rays!



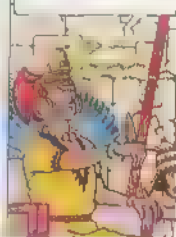
Stay, Huascar! .. The Sun
God will not hear your
prayers!



O magnificent
Sun! If it is
thy will that
we should
live, give us
now a sign!



Silence, foreign
dog! How dare
you call upon the Sun?



O God of the Sun, sublime
Pachacamac, display thy
power, I implore thee!
If this sacrifice is
not thy will, hide thy
shining face from us!

Poor Tintin, he's gone
off his head!

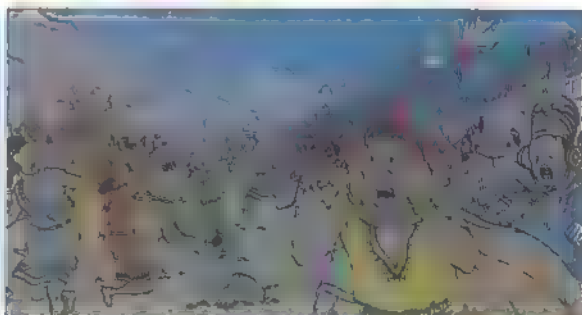
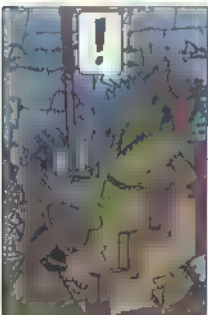
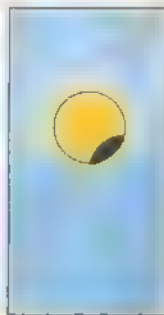
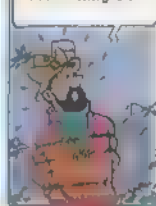
Not at all: your
hat is very chic.



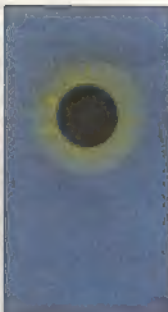
I thank thee,
supreme magis-
try! My prayer
is answered;
the darkness
moves across
thy face.



But... blithering
barbarians, he's
right! Have I
gone crazy too?
...It's magic!



What superb acting!
They look genuinely
terrified... And what
an idea to wait for a
real eclipse! Brilliant!



An eclipse! ... An eclipse!! ... An eclipse!!! ...

Wow-ow-
woo-
ow!

Don't be
An eclipse,
it is,

afraid,
that's all
Captain.



Mercy, O stranger, I im-
plore you! ... Make the Sun
show his light again, and
I will grant whatever
you desire!



So be it, noble Inca.
I accept your word...
Have no fear! I will
entreat the Sun to
reappear.

Next day...

I keep my word, noble strangers: you are free... My men will escort you to the foot of the mountains.

Thank you, noble Prince, but I have one further request...

In my country there are seven learned men who are still, I imagine, enduring terrible torture because of you. By some means you have them in your power. I beg you to end their suffering.

These men came here like hyenas, violating our tombs and plundering our sacred treasures. They deserve the punishment I have meted out.

No, they did not come to plunder, noble Prince of the Sun. Their sole purpose was to make known to the world your ancient customs and the splendours of your civilisation.

So be it. I think you speak truth... It shall be done. Follow me, noble strangers, and in your presence I will put an end to their torment.

Each of these images represents one of the men for whom you plead. Here in this chamber, by our hidden powers, we have tortured them. It is here that we will release them from their punishment.

Witchcraft! ... I can't believe it! ... But the crystal balls: what were they for?

The crystal balls contained a mystic liquid, obtained from coca, which plunged the victims into a deep sleep. The High Priest cast his spell over them... and could use them as he willed.

Now I see it all! ... That explains the seven crystal balls, and the extraordinary illness of the explorers. Each time the High Priest tortured the wax images the explorers suffered those terrible agonies.

Destroy the images, Huaco!

At that moment, in Europe...

What am I doing here?

What's happened? ... How did I get into hospital? ...

Where are we, Carling?

That's what I'm wondering, Sanders.

You here, Roadbuck?

Clarkson! ... What in the world ...

How did I get here?

Next morning ...

So you've chosen to stay here, Zorino ... We must say goodbye, then. Perhaps one day we shall meet again ...



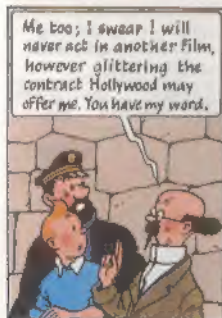
Before you leave us, noble strangers, I too have a favour to ask of you.



I swear that I will never reveal to anyone the whereabouts of the Temple of the Sun!



Me too; I swear I will never act in another film, however glittering the contract Hollywood may offer me. You have my word.



I know I can trust you. Ah, your guides ...



Perhaps you would like to open one of the saddle-bags?



Thundering typhoons! ... It's fantastic! ... Gold! ... Diamonds! ... Precious stones! ...



We thank you, noble Prince of the Sun, but we cannot accept such magnificent gifts.



Oh, they are nothing compared to the riches of the temple! ... Since I have your promise of silence, come with me ...



See! The treasure of the Lucas, for which the Spanish conquerors searched in vain for so long!



It seems unlikely, but there is gold around here somewhere. My pendulum never lies.



Several days later...



Now, señores, we leave you here. You take the train and return to your own country... Adios, señores, and may the sun shine upon you!

Just a minute... Don't go...



Will you hang on to my gun for a second?

Of course, but what's up?



Water!... The Captain drinking water!... I'd never have believed the day would come!

Rum?... You think so?



THE END